

The Nevada Indian Affair.

CHERRY CREEK (Nev.),
Sept. 13, 1875.

That there was a great scare both on the part of the whites and Indians, who were remotely situated, after the first wild news, there can be no doubt, but so soon as they get reliable information it vanishes as a dream. There are many conflicting rumors, and it is hard to get the real truth, but the facts gleaned from all sources appear to be as follow: On the 3rd inst. two prospectors, named James Toland and Albert Leathers, went into the mountains east of Cleveland's, near the Utah and Nevada line, with an Indian, who was to show them a rich mine. While there the Indian, without any cause whatever, as reported by Leathers, shot Toland with an old single-barreled rifle, Toland at the time being armed with a navy revolver and Leathers standing within a few feet of him. Toland cried out that he was killed, told Leathers to take his pistol and kill the Indian. In the meantime the Indian got behind a rock and there reloaded and fired at Leathers once or twice, who escaped, and came down to Cleveland's ranch. Another Indian came to the ranch, or towards the ranch, shortly after Leathers got there, and wanted to buy some powder from Cleveland. Cleveland offered to sell him some as the story goes, for the purpose of getting him to the house, where he intended to take him prisoner. As they approached near where Leathers was, the Indian turned in another direction, Cleveland commenced running, when Daniel Murphy, who was there, fired at him, wounding him. The Indian hid away. The next morning they tracked him by his blood, came upon him and shot him. Cleveland claims that the action of the Indian at the sight of Leathers showed that he had been following Leathers and knew of the killing of Toland, and was trying to escape. Word was then sent up the valley to O'Neil's ranch to warn the settlers in the valley to flee with their families or come down to Cleveland's ranch, as they were in great peril, and large bodies of hostile Indians had surrounded Cleveland's ranch. O'Neil mounted his boy on horseback, who rode at high speed to Howell's ranch, where a Mr. Dunlap mounted a fresh horse and rode through Shelbyburn and across Steptoe Valley to Cherry Creek. The news was exciting. White men had been murdered by the savages; they had our friends surrounded by five hundred of these dusky warriors, and we must at once go to their rescue. The men gathered in squads, and for four hours were hunting arms and horses, so that at the hour of midnight sixteen men started to the scene of danger. On the following morning five more men followed. General Rosecrans came down from Egan—listened to all which was told—and concluded to telegraph to General Schofield the story as he got it, and suggest in addition that a discreet officer, with a few men would soon settle all difficulty. On the same day of the killing of Toland and the Indian at Cleveland's ranch, another Indian was killed at Murphy's ranch, some thirty miles south. The Indian was an old man at the camp, washing for Murphy's men. The herders, on receipt of a letter from Cleveland's ranch saying that the Indians had broke out, demanded his gun, which he refused, and they say he fired, and they fired upon him and killed him. On the 4th (the morning after the first news), an Indian passed through this place up Cherry Creek cañon, and an hour later some of the boys mounted and followed him towards Ruby Valley. After following some distance they met another Indian coming to town, of whom they inquired if he had seen the one they were looking for. He did not answer, but rode along, when they wheeled and rode forward to head him off. He was alarmed, ran his horse up into the rocks, jumped off, clambered up the steep precipice and asked them what they wanted to do to him. They said to him "Nothing; come down, we want to talk to you." Seeing them armed and excited in the chase, he climbed still higher, when one of them fired over him, not intending to hit him, then took his horse down into the cañon. He will probably never be made to understand that they did not intend to kill him. He was

undoubtedly a Ruby Valley Indian, and went on foot back to his tribe, where he told the story of his big scare and narrow escape. All sorts of stories were soon in circulation. Different parties have gone out from Cleveland's (which is now the general rendezvous) and captured several squads of Indians over to the east, in Snake valley. They all surrender, saying they do not want to fight. They have taken about one hundred and fifty. An amusing incident occurred while the boys were on one of these expeditions. In Snake valley they came across an old Indian Chief named Gunnison, with a band of twenty bucks. The boys presented arms and commanded them to surrender. Gunnison threw up his hands and said they did not want to fight, but would do anything the white men wanted. They then gave up what arms they had. The boys told them a sheep-herder—white man—had been missing for two days, and that if they didn't find him and bring him in alive they would kill all the band. The old Chief said he would stand good with his life until the herder was got, and then dispatched a small squad of Indians to hunt him up, while the balance of the Indians were kept as hostages. A few white men accompanied the Indian scouts, all on horseback, with an extra horse to bring the herder on in case they found him. They were soon upon him in a lone nook in the mountains. The Indians rushed forward with a yell. Mr. Herder was sadly frightened; ran for his life, the boys firing over him for a scare, when in his hurry and excitement he fell; the Indians quick upon him, gathered him, threw him upon the horse ready held by another mounted Indian and in less time than you can say "Jack Robinson," without any explanation, they were rushing him over the desert—one Indian leading, another whipping the herder's horse from behind, thus hurrying for the dear lives of their companions, their puffing, blowing, panting captor into the presence of their old Chief and the boys left behind. The boys are spoiling for a fight, and may bring it on at any time by making an attack. They have now corralled 150 Indians, squaws, &c., who profess to be friendly, and the Indians have agreed to bring in and give up the murderer of Toland—though to this time they have failed to find him. Pete Webber, well known here and just arrived from Ruby Valley, says the Indians are "scared to death," and are gathering at all the ranches, hoping to be protected from attacks by the soldiers who are on their way hither under Colonel Elliot. He says the Colonel, or the officer whom he saw, says he intends to keep the citizens from making unwarranted attacks. It would be a sad thing should such rashness control our citizens, as will be more readily understood by perusal of the following from General Rosecrans to General Schofield: EGAN, September 11, 1875. "To Major General Schofield, San Francisco, Cal.: "Contents of San Francisco papers to 8th induce me to send the following extract from Deer Creek operator's dispatch to me of 8th, to wit: "From dispatches to San Francisco Chronicle from Hamilton yesterday, we learn of the supposition that Mormons of Deep Creek, fearful of Dan Murphy's stock, have incited the Indians to lawlessness. There is no foundation for this. Mormons would suffer equally with us. We occupy the worst position in case of disturbance. One hundred and fifty Goshute Indians camped at station here, peaceable but excited, not knowing cause of trouble west. We are feeding them with beef and flour, as they have no food. We have no fears of Indians of this section, and hope, with your assistance, that this trouble will soon be settled. "All that has come to my knowledge since is confirmatory of the above, while multitudes of contradictory and extravagant rumors are being circulated to bolster up a needless scare. "W. S. ROSECRANS." —S. F. Chronicle. A Savannah news item reports the negroes drilling by night at Barnesville, Ga. The same paper says—"And now the dried peach business threatens to absorb all the attention of our interior towns to the exclusion of cotton futures."

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DAILY LINE OF STAGES FROM THE terminus of the Utah Southern Railroad through Southern Utah and South-eastern Nevada to the following points:

Springville, Beaver, Payson, Star District, Salt Creek, San Francisco Dist., Fillmore, Pioche, And all intermediate points.

Connect at Payson tri-weekly for all points in Tintic.

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Principal Office, Wells, Fargo & Co's Building, Salt Lake City.

w28 HUGH WHITE, Proprietor.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

REUBEN H. CHASE, Plaintiff, against EMMA C. CHASE, Defendant, In Divorce.

The People of the Territory of Utah,

To Emma C. Chase, Defendant, Greeting:

YOU are hereby summoned to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Reuben H. Chase, Plaintiff, in the Probate Court in and for the County of Salt Lake and Territory of Utah, and answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this County, and if not within this County but within the Third Judicial District of the Territory of Utah within twenty days; otherwise if within the Territory within forty days, or judgment will be taken against you by default, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

This action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the said Plaintiff and Defendant and cost of suit.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I hereunto set my hand and Seal of said Court, in Salt Lake City, this 17th day of July, A. D. 1875.

D. BOCKHOLT, Clerk of the Probate Court, Salt Lake County. By ELIAS A. SMITH, Deputy.

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100,000 POUNDS

OF WOOL,

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Will be paid,

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THREE YEARS' EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT US THAT WE CANNOT DEAL IN TWO different makes of wagons with satisfaction to the manufacturers, ourselves and the public.

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FISH BROTHERS WAGONS.

They have been so steadily and deservedly growing in favor, that we find it next to impossible to sell any other wagon. Ask any person who has bought one for the last two years, and he will tell you he has never had a tire or spoke loose, or a wheel broken or out of repair. He will tell you that the Fish Brothers Wagons run the easiest, and are the best in all respects.

The balance of our stock of Mitchell Wagons on hand we offer for sale at cost.

We thank the public for its generous patronage in the past, and shall try to deserve your kind favors in the future. We know from the letters written us, and the thousands of words of commendation received from purchasers, that in offering you the FISH BROTHERS WAGON we offer you

The Best Wagon on Wheels!

NOTICE TO AGENTS.

We sell no wagons on commission. Fish Brothers' Wagons don't need to go round the country begging for purchasers. We can sell outright all the wagons the manufacturers can furnish us and supply their other demands, and when a wagon leaves our yard, it is sold.

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN W. LOWELL & CO.

Salt Lake City, March 4th 1875